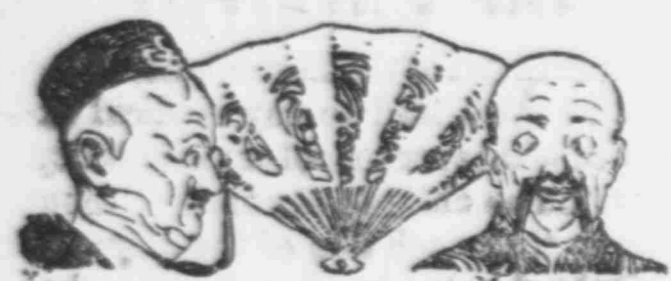


The Merry Widow

By ALBERT PAYSON TERHUNE

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CHAPTER III. The Garden Fete.

THE gardens of Mme. Sonia Sadova's villa, just outside Paris, were gayly decorated for a lawn fete. The grounds were dotted with laughing groups of brightly dressed men and women, for Sonia had particularly requested that all her Marsovian guests wear their picturesque native costume, and the result was a veritable kaleidoscopic carnival of color, a perfect riot of gorgeous hues and striking figures.

Ambassador Popoff, his long, lean figure draped in vivid green, was pacing the alleys of the garden near the entrance gate, pausing nervously now and again to scan late arrivals in search of some one. At length he descried the man he sought. Nish was just bustling into the grounds, and the ambassador at once beckoned to him.

"Now, then, Mr. Nish," cried Popoff as soon as the little clerk had shambled within earshot, "I told you to

look at the widow—why, man, I don't know a single thing that doesn't point toward his being in love with her!"

"If I may say so, your excellency," put in Nish, shuffling nervously, "I think I could tell you of a 'single' thing, or, rather," he added, chuckling, "when I say 'single' I mean 'married'."

"Mr. Nish," interrupted Popoff, "if you can stop wriggling around like an inebriated centipede long enough to talk plainly, will you do me the honor to put your blitherings into plain words?"

"Well, your excellency," stammered Nish, "I happen to know M. De Jolidon is already head over heels in love with a lady who has a husband. He—"

"Mr. Nish!" thundered Popoff, "you are demeaning yourself to the contemptible act of talking scandal! Are you aware of that, Mr. Nish? If so, go on talking it and tell me who she is."

"You fool!" whispered Danilo in Nish's ear. "Everybody but the ambassador himself knows it is Mme. Popoff whom De Jolidon loves. Be careful!"

"Well, Mr. Nish," repeated Popoff majestically as he eyed the squirming clerk with lofty majesty, "I'm

the ambassador pattered off to join the other guests, leaving Danilo, fan in hand, blankly facing the astounded little clerk.

"Nish," observed the prince, "do you suppose it's possible De Jolidon can be in love with Mme. Nova Kovitch as well as with Mme. Popoff?"

"I'd-I'd like to think so," murmured Nish as he started faithfully off in the wake of his chief. "I'd like to think so. It—it would make it less exclusive, less of a monopoly. And to think his excellency never recognized his own wife's fan! Where ignorance is bliss why read up on divorce laws?"

Laying the fan on a nearby table, Danilo was turning away when a voice behind him called mockingly:

"Still in retreat? So you are afraid of me?"

Whirling about, the prince faced Sonia. She was bewitchingly pretty in the black and gold Marsovian dress that snowed to fullest advantage every willowy line of her figure.

"I'm not retreating," he contradicted, "only skirting in light cavalry fashion."

"And you are going away like that? Oh, you stupid man!"

"I can't tell what you mean," he answered, puzzled.

"And I shan't tell what I mean," she rejoined. "By the way," she added, "how do you happen to be here? You declined my invitation."

"I'm here," he replied bluntly, "because I'm making it my business to get rid of every Frenchman who shows signs of proposing to you."

"But why?" she asked in wonder.

"For my own amusement; that's all."

"You—you don't happen to be in love with me yourself?" she asked, a tinge of wistfulness in the light mockery of her tone.

"Certainly not!" he retorted, with suspicious promptitude.

"You're very, very rude!" she reproved. "But since you don't love me you ought to be able to give me good advice about accepting a man I really want to marry."

"Oh!" growled Danilo, chagrined. "Then there is some one you want to marry?"

She nodded.

"Whoever the man is, he's after your money," he sneered.

"No," she contradicted. "He is not—not this one."

"You said all men were alike."

"This man is different. He loves me."

"Then marry him! What is it to me? Marry any one you want to. I don't care. And I'll dance at your wedding. I'll dance till I wear holes through both my shoes."

"You silly boy!" she scoffed. "You're jealous!"

"Jealous?" he raged. "Jealous? I jealous? That's a good one!"

Words failed him, and he stalked away to a nearby summer house, where he paused, lost in seeming contemplation of the little building's architecture.

The neglected fan lying on the table caught Sonia's eye. She picked it up idly and opened it. The words "I love you" met her gaze. Quickly she glanced at Danilo.

"I understand," she murmured to herself. "He vowed he'd never say it to me, so he's written it."

Noting that Danilo's back was toward her, she furtively lifted the fan to her lips and kissed the written words. Then as she restored it to the table she whispered:

"Just the same, I'll make him say it. He shall!"

She crossed to where he stood.

"Have you nothing to say to me, prince?" she asked.

"Only one thing—goodbye!"

"Goodbye!" she echoed. "You're—you're not going?"

"I leave Paris tomorrow morning—by the first train—forever!"

"Then you won't be here, after all, to dance at my wedding?"

"No!"

"But you promised. And now, I suppose, I shall never see you again, for when I'm married I shall live in Paris."

"I thought you were more patriotic."

He sighed. "It seems hard that you should turn your back on your native land, marry a Frenchman and settle here."

"Yet it is what I have decided," she answered. "This is probably the last time I shall wear our native costume or dance our wild national dances. Today's fete is a sort of farewell to old times."

"No; our dances and costumes would not appeal to a Frenchman. Who is it you are going to marry?"

"The engagement isn't announced yet," she evaded.

"Then," he returned, with a shrug, "I suppose I shall never know, for I leave early tomorrow."

"And you won't dance at my wedding?"

"I've told you I would not."

"If you won't," she cried, a sudden inspiration flashing through her mind and lighting her pale face to dazzling beauty, "dance with me now!"

She stretched out her slender white arms with an allurements that no mortal man could resist.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

HEARST AND HIS INDEPENDENCE PARTY

The Hearst show at Chicago will serve as a bit of summer vaudeville, an entre-act filler of the political drama during the dog days, but beyond that it has neither value nor significance. Certainly nobody takes it seriously, not even the "angel" who is financing it.

The whole performance is in keeping with the Hearst methods, which he first applied to journalism and subsequently to politics. There were sensational, tawdry and unreliable newspapers before Hearst entered the field, but it remained for him, proceeding on the theory that most things are attainable by the man who has the means and the will to buy them, deliberately to set about, by lavish expenditure of millions, the establishment of newspapers so much more sensational, tawdry and unreliable than all others that by force of their daring vices they should become the exemplars of the new school of "journalism." Playing out this theory with the nerve of the gambler who plays to the limit and who has the means to play even beyond the limit if that be lifted, Hearst proved in a spectacular manner the power of bold advertising, even in a bad cause. He won. He succeeded in founding the modern school of "yellow journalism," than which there is no more vicious development of our times.

But he was not satisfied with this achievement. Stimulated by his success in applying his peculiar methods to journalism, and contemptuous, no doubt, as a man of any intelligence must be, of the public upon which he has been able thus to play, he conceived the idea that, with his millions still to draw on and this public still to play on, he might profitably pitch his circus tents in the field of politics as he had in that of journalism. Such a proceeding, even if ineffectual in securing for him political office or honors, would be believed, he worth the money it could cost in advertising himself and his publications.

Thus it was that the country, accustomed as it had become to the theatrical performances of Hearst as a newspaper man, and no longer surprised by anything he might do in the prostitution of the press, was plunged into a universal guffaw by his sudden appearance as a fully panoplied candidate for the presidency. No one—not even Mr. Hearst himself six months before—had ever thought of him, or his like, in such a role, and that he, a young fellow with no known qualifications for the office and nothing to distinguish him from millions of other young fellows save the spectacular way in which he had poured out money on vicious newspapers and other forms of vice, should formally announce his entry into the contest for the presidency, with no other reliance than that of his money to buy and build him an organization, was something as new as it was preposterous in American politics.

How he invested his money in this new field of his endeavor, how he bought and built his organization and how, always and everywhere it has been used solely for the exploitation of Hearst alone, is familiar recent history. That it is today seeking, under the pretense of a new party, to prolong some sort of tangible existence, is the latest, and altogether consistent, chapter of that history. To support either of the political parties now in the field would not suit his purposes; it would be to efface himself too much from the public eye, to abandon the seed he has sown in his plans of self-exploitation.

Nothing indicates better than his present course that he has never been sincere in his pretensions as a reformer. No one understands better than he that his present course, insofar as it may have any practical effect, will aid the republican party, which he professes to condemn along with the democrats. In 1896 he threw his newspapers to the support of Bryan because the desertion of Bryan by the democratic press of the east opened for Hearst just the opportunity he wanted to bring himself before the footlights. It is different now, and Hearst's only hope of keeping up his game is to bolster up his so-called independence party, which will recognize no rival to him as long as he puts up for keeping it alive. That he is not honest in the advocacy of the promulgated principles of that party is well illustrated by the fact that there is practically nothing in its platform, save perhaps government ownership of all public utilities, which is not promised by one or the other of the two parties which will furnish the next president. It is nothing to him that by helping one of these parties to win he might secure the triumph of many of the principles he professes to advocate. It is much to him if, by encouraging any and all sorts of opposition to the old parties, he can collect, for the prosecution of his political schemes, a like rag-tag-and-bob-tail constituency to that which he has collected for the prosecution of his newspaper schemes.

Who furnishes the money for these games is well enough known. Who furnishes the brains, though not as well known, is generally regarded almost as notorious.—Courier-Journal.

GROVER CLEVELANDISMS

A public office is a public trust. Even the patriotic sentiment of our people is not an adequate substitute for a sound financial policy.

The right of the government to exact tribute from the citizen is limited to its actual necessities, and every cent taken from the people beyond that required for their protection by the government is no better than robbery.

I am not blinded to the fact that the livery of democratic tariff reform has been stolen and worn in the service of republican protection. The trusts and combinations—the communism of self—whose machinations have prevented us from reaching the success we deserved, should not be forgotten or forgiven.

I believe in an open and sturdy partisanship which secures the legitimate advantages of party supremacy; but parties were made by the people, and I am unwilling, knowingly, to give my assent to measures purely partisan which will sacrifice or endanger their interests.

The presidency of the United States is the repository of the people's will and power. Within its vision should be the protection and welfare of the humblest citizen, and it should catch from the remotest corner of the land the plea of the people for justice and for right.

Any cause that is worth fighting for is worth fighting for to the end.

While it is a grievous thing to contemplate the two greatest English-speaking peoples of the world as being otherwise than friendly competitors in the onward march of civilization and strenuous and worthy rivals in all the arts of peace, there is no calamity which a nation can invite which equals that which follows a supine submission to wrong and injustice, and the consequent loss of national self-respect and honor, beneath which is shielded and defended a people's safety and greatness.

Public officers are the servants and agents of the people. We may, I think, reduce to quite simple elements the duty which public servants owe by constantly bearing in mind that they are put in place to protect the rights of the people, to answer their needs as they arise and to expend for their benefit the money drawn from them by taxation.

CHARMING WITHOUT BEAUTY

"It isn't that I'm anxious to get married," said a plain young woman, "but I do want to be liked and admired; and I am so homely, I've given up trying to please. I am growing pessimistic and I shall be a sour old maid."

Yet, is she would realize the truth it is in her power to be attractive despite her lack of a classic nose and a cream and rose complexion. Most women overestimate the power of personal charm. Many women grow discontented and careless because they are plain of face when they have within them, if it were awakened and developed, a power to attract greater than that given by regular features and lovely complexion. Mr. Henry James asserts that the one essential aim in educating women should be to teach them tact, which is the true secret of the art of pleasing of which every woman should be mistress. Tact may be cultivated to a degree that means the power to influence men and women irresistibly. The basis of tact is a knowledge of human nature together with the faculty of putting yourself in another's place. Add to these a gracious manner, a well modulated voice and a spirit of kindly toleration and you have tact—a possession which may be attained and which is infinitely more to be desired than beauty.—Mary E. Bryan, in Home Magazine.

CALIFORNIA ORANGES SHORT

Though the commission men are shouting that the orange crop next season will be the biggest yet, the meeting of growers at Tampa several days ago indicates that there will be scarcely a full crop in Florida. Then here is a clipping from a Los Angeles (Cal.) correspondent in the New York Packer: "A trip through the orange growing section contiguous to Los Angeles has developed the fact that there is considerable question as to the size of the crop for the coming season. The late spring, which was usually wet, followed by the extreme heat of the past week or ten days, is causing a large amount of falls. Some of the growers report that they do not expect more than two-thirds of a crop and that the ground is covered with the young fruit. The owner of one of the largest orchards in the Fullerton district says that he does not expect more than a half crop."

St. Petersburg had a bond election several days ago, and "for bonds" won by a handsome majority.

DEMOCRATIC NATIONAL COMMITTEE

TEE

The new democratic national committee is as follows:

Alabama—J. W. Tomlinson.
Arkansas—Guy R. Tucker.
California—Nathan Cole, Jr.
Colorado—Alva Adams.
Connecticut—H. S. Cummings.
Delaware—Willard Saulsbury.
Florida—T. A. Jennings.
Georgia—Clark Howell.
Idaho—S. P. Donnelly.
Illinois—Roger C. Sullivan.
Indiana—Thomas Taggart.
Iowa—M. J. Wade.
Kansas—John H. Atwood.
Kentucky—Urey Woodson.
Louisiana—Robert Ewing.
Maine—E. L. Jones.
Maryland—J. F. C. Talbot.
Massachusetts—J. M. Connelley.
Michigan—E. O. Wood.
Minnesota—P. B. Lynch.
Mississippi—C. H. Williams.
Missouri—Will A. Rothwell.
Montana—J. B. Kramer.
Nebraska—P. L. Hall.
New Hampshire—E. E. Read.
New Jersey—R. S. Hulsbath.
New York—Norman E. Mack.
North Carolina—Josephus Daniels.
North Dakota—William Collins.
Oklahoma—W. T. Brady.
Oregon—M. A. Miller.
Ohio—H. C. Garber.
Pennsylvania—James Kerr.
Rhode Island—George W. Green.
South Carolina—B. R. Tillman.
South Dakota—E. S. Johnson.
Tennessee—R. E. Lee Mountcastle.
Texas—M. M. Johnston.
Utah—Frank K. Nebeker.
Vermont—Thomas H. Brown.
Virginia—J. Taylor Ellison.
Washington—W. H. Dunphy.
West Virginia—John T. McGraw.
Wisconsin—T. E. Ryan.
Wyoming—J. E. Osborne.
Alaska—A. J. Daly.
Arizona—A. J. Michaelson.
District of Columbia—A. E. Newman.

Hawaii—G. J. Waller.
New Mexico—A. A. Jones.
Porto Rico—D. M. Field.

The following officers of the democratic national committee were selected at the meeting of the sub-committee in Chicago on July 24:

Chairman, Norman E. Mack of New York.

Vice chairman, Dr. P. L. Hall of Nebraska.

Treasurer, Governor C. N. Haskell of Oklahoma.

Secretary, Urey Woodson of Kentucky.

Sergeant-at-arms, John I. Martin of Missouri.

An advisory bureau composed of newspaper editors was selected and Henry Watterson of the Louisville Courier-Journal was made chairman. W. J. Abbott was selected to be chief of the press committee to act in conjunction with the advisory bureau.

"JOHN D." AND "JAKE"

Just when John D. Rockefeller was congratulating himself on the prospect of getting rid of "Jake" Melin and his Anchor Inn saloon, both of which have been eyesores to the "oil king" owing to their proximity to his Tarrytown palace, what does "Jake" do and do but sell out to another liquor merchant, and a wholesaler at that. Now "Jake" has the laugh on the unsociable neighbor, and when he gets through laughing he'll take the \$5000 he got for the place back to Sweden with him.

Anchor Inn has been advertised to be sold at auction several times during the last few years. Each time "Jake" would hear John D. chuckling, and then he'd decide to hold on for a few months longer. It is said that Rockefeller offered \$5000 for the place at one time, and that when the offer was refused he said he'd never make another one. He invoked all the aid of the courts to put the saloon out of business, but failed.

The property was to have been sold on Saturday last, but the sale was postponed again by Melin, who was informed that John D. was preparing to celebrate his departure with fireworks and oil barrel bonfires. Yesterday Auctioneer Griffiths, of No. 2, East Thirty-third street, this city, knocked the place down to Adolph Picker, a wholesale liquor dealer of Yonkers, N. Y. He paid \$5000 for it and announced his intention of enlarging it for a big road house and making a bid for the automobile trade. The bidding started at \$4000, and went up in \$100 jumps. Bayard Coutant was the only bidder against Picker. Coutant would not say whom he represented. Melin jumped with joy when he found that another liquor dealer had bought the place.

"Ay bane laffing, yea, by yimminy," said Jake last night. "You D. he bane try to get saloon out of his sight and now he bane have a wholesale saloon in front of him. Yah, yah, yah. Ah bane hope dat feller build a brewery."—New York World.

The board of county commissioners of Dade county, at their last meeting, fixed the rate of assessment for the coming year at 22 1-2 mills.